

Ser. It is my Lord.

Hot. That Roan shall be my throne. Well, I will backe him straight. *Esperance*, bid *Butler* leade him forth into the Parke.

Lady. But heare you, my Lord.

Hot. What sayst thou, my Lady?

La. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse (my loue) my horse.

La. Out you mad-headed ape, a weazel hath not such a deale of spleene, as you are toft with. In fayth ile know your busines, *Harry*, that I wil: I feare, my brother *Mortimer* doth stir about his title, and hath sent for you to line his enterprize, but if you

Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, loue. (goe.)

La. Come, come, you *Parraquito*, answer mee directly vnto this question that I shall aske: in fayth ile breake thy little finger, *Harry*, and if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away, away, you trisler, loue; I loue thee not; I care not for thee, *Kate*, this is no world To play with mammetts, and to tilt with lips; We must haue bloody noses, and crackt crownes; And passe them currant too: gods me my horse. What saist thou *Kate*, what wouldst thou haue with me?

La. Doe you not loue me? doe you not indeede? Well, doe not then? for since you loue me not, I will not loue my selfe. Doe you not loue me? Nay, tell me, if you speake in iest, or no?

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride? And when I am a horse-backe, I will sweare, I loue thee infinitely. But harke you *Kate*, I must not haue you henceforth question me: Whither I goe: nor reason whereabout: Whither I must, I must: and to conclude, This euening must I leaue you, gentle *Kate*. I know you wise, but yet no farther wise, Then *Harry Percies* wife. Constant you are; But yet a woman, and for secrecie, No Lady closer, for I will beleue, Thou wilt not vtter what thou dost not know: And so far will I trust thee, gentle *Kate*.

La.

La. How so far?

Hot. Not an inch further: but harke you *Kate*, Whither I go, thither shall you goe too: Today will I set forward; to morrow you: Will this content you *Kate*?

La. It must of force.

Exeunt.

Enter Prince and Poyes.

Prince. *Ned*, prethee come out of that fat roome, and lend mee thy hand to laugh a little.

Poy. Where hast beene, *Hall*?

Prin. With three or foure *Logger-heads*, amongst three or foure-score *Hogs-heads*. I haue founded the very base firing of Humility. Sirra, I am sworne brother to a leath of Drawers, and can call them all by their Christian names, as *Tom*, *Dick*, and *Francis*; they take it already vpon their saluation, that though I be Prince of *Wales*, yet I am the King of *Courtesie*, and tell mee flatly, I am not proud like *Falstaffe*; but a *Corinthian*, a Lad of metall, a good Boy (by the Lord so they call mee) and when I am King of *England*, I shall command all the good Lads in *Eastcheap*. They call drinking deepe, dying *Scarlet*; and when you breathe in your watring, they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an houre, that I can drinke with any *Tinker* in his owne Language during my life. I will tell thee, *Ned*, thou hast lost much honor, that thou wert not with mee in this action: but sweet *Ned*: to sweeten which name of *Ned*, I giue thee this penniworth of Sugar, clapt euen now into my hand by an vnder-skinker, one that neuer spake other English in his life, then 8 shillings and 6. pence, and *You are welcome*, with this shrill addition, *Anon, anon sir, Skore a pint of Bastard in the Half moon*, or so. But *Ned*, to drine away time till *Falstaffe* come, I prethee doe thou stand in some by-roome, while I question my puny Drawer, to what end he gaue me the Sugar, and do neuer leaue calling *Francis*, that histale to me may bee nothing, but *Anon*: step aside, and ile shew thee a present.

Poyes. *Francis*.

Prince. Thou art perfect.

Poyes. *Francis*.

Prin. *Anon, anon sir*; looke down into the pomegranat, *Ralfe*,

D 2

Prince.